
Title: Kalevala

Author: Josens

I am driven by my
longing,
And my understanding
urges
That I should commence
my singing,
And begin my recitation.
I will sing the people's
legends,
And the ballads of the
nation.
To my mouth the words
are flowing,
And the words are gently
falling,
Quickly as my tongue can
shape them,
And between my teeth
emerging....

Let us clasp our hands
together,
Let us interlock our
fingers;
Let us sing a cheerful
measure,
Let us use our best
endeavours,
While our dear ones
hearken to us,
And our loved ones are
instructed,
While the young ones are
standing round us,
Of the rising generation,
Let them learn the words
of magic,
And recall our songs and
legends,
Of the belt of
Väinämöinen,
Of the forge of
Ilmarinen,
And of Kaukomieli's
swordpoint,
And of Joukahainen's
crossbow:
Of the utmost bounds of

Pohja,
And of Kalevala's wide
heathlands.

Page torn

Where he sat with wind
blowing;

missing section

Then the aged Väinämöinen
Went upon his journey
singing,
Sailing in his boat of
copper,
In his vessel made of
copper,
Sailed away to loftier
regions,
To the land beneath the
heavens.
There he rested with his
vessel,
Rested weary, with his
vessel,
But his kantele he left
us,
Left his charming harp in
Suomi,
For his people's lasting
pleasure,
Mighty songs for Suomi's
children.